

CARCASS OF WHALE MADE ROYAL FEAST

Saved Lives of Scientists in the Arctic

Thrilling Experiences of Museum Agents in the Country Where Even the Polar Bears Have Chills and Where Letters Written in March Lie in the Mail Bag Until July Before They Are Started Toward Civilization.



IN the authority of Dr. Rudolph N. Anderson, whose word is as good as a first mortgage bond in the world of science, the three-year-old carcass of a bowhead, while slightly acrid and a bit mussy, is certainly filling. The doctor knows because he ate a few double portion slices. It was bowhead or nothing. As the doctor had had plenty of the latter he welcomed the bowhead.

It was in that forlorn country, where even the polar bears have chills, 4,000 miles to the west and more than 1,000 north, and then some, that he made the choice, relates the New York World. He and V. Stefansson, as representatives of the American Museum of Natural History, were up there staring death in the face looking for specimens. They are now returning, after two years' absence. Stories of their hardships have got here first. Catching the mails is no joke up there. To get a letter in the letter box at MacPherson in time for the July delivery Mr. Stefansson wrote on March 13. If a letter is carried around in one's pocket over night the folks at home have to wait another six months for news.

Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Anderson left New York on April 5, 1908. They made their way by railroad to Edmonton, Canada, the furthest point to which human ingenuity and daring had been able to push the steel rails, the advance agents of progress. From Edmonton the two explorers made their way to Athabasca, at the headwaters of the Mackenzie, where, the river being free from ice, they would find sturdy little steamers ready to carry them one step further into the wilderness of ice and snow. The moment they left the deck of the little boat that had served their purpose to the best of its ability the two adventurers plunged into the terrible fastnesses of the great silent north.

Two Years in the Ice.

For almost two years the great sweeps of snow and ice hid the two men from the rest of the world almost as completely as the walls of a tomb. Once an Eskimo, traveling far from his home down into the haunts of sturdy white folks who were fighting for existence on the very edge of the arctic circle, brought with him a story of two white men up above the circle. Only one other time did word come from the men. Then, by long and tedious sled journeys, did an Eskimo attached to their party carry a letter to the daring skipper of a fishing smack that had literally forced its way through the ice into the far north.

Now the men are making their way slowly back, bringing with them details of a story the mere hints of which have outdone the dreams of writers of fiction who love to tell of imaginary adventures in the frozen north. And the men who faced perils and hardships that would have tried the courage and strength of the hardest; who set out on long and painful journeys when the mercury froze in the thermometer; who were forced to camp on mountain ridges and peaks at the height of blizzards—they have sent a plain, impassioned report of their journeys without giving a hint that they encountered aught but what they expected when they left New York.

Hardships of the Trip.

It would require far more space than the limits of this article permit to give more than a mere skeleton of the story of the two years' trip, as it is now in the possession of Dr. H. C. Bumpus, director of the Museum of Natural History, who authorized the expedition. When the men themselves arrive they will fill in with detail the story of periods of ten days and more that often elapsed without a morsel of sustaining food passing their lips, and which they dismissed with a single sentence in their preliminary report.

In many respects the trip of Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Anderson surpasses any other expedition ever made into the north by white men. The difficulties with which they had to contend, because of the very nature of their journey, exceeded even those which confronted Commander Peary on his dash to the north pole. His was a hurried trip across several hundred miles of ice to the pole and back. Carefully constructed sleds drawn by the finest Eskimo dogs in the arctic circle carried provisions aplenty.

Not so with Stefansson and Anderson. Their mission was the collection of specimens that would enlighten the rest of the world as to human, animal and vegetable life within the arctic circle. They had no single objective point. Their wanderings and searches took them a part of the time out over the ice of the Arctic ocean and a part of the time across mountain ranges that rise thousands of feet in the air.

Food Stolen by Wild Beasts.

They also had plenty of provisions when they started. As though, however, the ordinary perils of the country were not sufficient, the real owners of the country, polar bears and wolverines, added to their dangers. Time after time the daring scientists, wearied by months of privation, would seek the stores of food they had hidden in caches for just such emergencies, only to find that four-footed marauders had broken in and stolen hundreds of pounds of food.

Stefansson, as the actual leader of the expedition, has reserved all but the briefest summary for his personal report to Dr. Bumpus. A brief ten pages sufficed for him to announce the results of the two years' journey, as well as to outline his plan for a last dash into the country of the hostile Coppermine people, Eskimos who viewed with jealous eyes any attempt on the part of white men to penetrate their country.

On the map you will find a tiny point of land projecting into the Arctic ocean and named Cape Parry. Nothing illustrates better, perhaps, the uncertainty of the position of the explorers than the very first paragraph of Mr. Stefansson's letter, which was written from that place on March 13 of this year.

"An Eskimo (the same 'Jimmy' Menan-ran-na who accompanied Captain Amundsen in 1905-6 from Herschel Island to the Yukon)," wrote Mr. Stefansson, "has come here from Baillie Island and intends starting tomorrow for the Mackenzie delta. I am giving him this letter, hoping it may get into the July mail at MacPherson."

Just think of it—grave doubts as to whether a letter will reach a mail post in four months' time!

"My Eskimos," he wrote, "are in deadly fear of the Coppermine people,

who have the reputation of being a murderous lot. While they have agreed to accompany me, I can never tell on what night they may have a dream which they will construe as a warning not to go and I will be left to make the journey alone."

The dangers from the people themselves were not the greatest obstacles to this, the climax of his trip, as Mr. Stefansson hinted in his letter. The trip would require, all conditions being favorable, at least 15 days going and the same time returning, to say nothing of the time that must be spent in gathering scientific data. Six days' provisions, however, were all that Mr. Stefansson had. For the rest of his food he must depend upon a country in which even the Esquimaux found it exceedingly difficult to find sufficient food to sustain their lives. The possibility of starvation, however, did not deter the adventurer. That he made the trip, secured his specimens and is now safely on his return is all that those who are most deeply interested in his welfare know.

Dr. Anderson, who, shortly after he set out from the friendly deck of the little river steamer on the Mackenzie, separated from Mr. Stefansson and headed a party of Esquimaux into the country, has written a little more at length of his two years' trip. He too has found a sentence quite sufficient to tell of experiences that must have tried the heart and courage of every member of the party.

Baillie Island, in the Arctic ocean, was the headquarters chosen by Dr. Anderson for his party. From there he wrote his report, which by its very simplicity and directness is one of the most remarkable documents ever sent through the mails of the United States.

Day by day has Dr. Anderson detailed his journey. Of the entire first year spent in the north his report says nothing, the letter he had sent out earlier on one of the two occasions word was received from the adventurers being sufficient in his opinion to cover that period. Of the second year, when the provisions taken north by the party had either been eaten or stolen by the bears and wolverines, he says but little more.

At the end of their trip, when death and starvation stared them in the face, they stumbled across the carcass of a bowhead whale. Dr. Anderson, writing of the find, said, "The carcass was evidently two or three years old, but the meat was fairly well preserved." Although it was still early in the afternoon the party camped immediately and there dogs and men feasted side by side. "The meat," wrote Dr. Anderson, "was fairly palatable, slightly acrid but not offensive and all in all was very filling."

At the conclusion of their letters both Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Anderson express themselves as being desirous of returning again to the country in which they spent two such terrible years to complete the work they started.

The first specimens gathered by Mr. Stefansson and Dr. Anderson have arrived at the Museum of Natural History. The men will reach New York in the near future.

A Puzzling Ship Name.

Jesse Conway, the witty correspondent of the Cleveland Leader, tells this one:

The noble battleship Ohio steamed into Quito harbor one day and anchored alongside a British tramp. Presently the tramp's dingy was lowered and sailor men rowed out to the battleship. They arrived under the same plate and painfully spelled out the warrior's handle. All looked puzzled. Finally one Britisher tried it aloud.

"A 'ho' and a 'haitch' and a '10,'" he said, softly. "Wot a 'ell of a name for a ship!"

Why He Accepted It.

Editor—Who accepted this poem?

Subeditor—I did!

Editor—It reads as if it was written by a butcher.

Subeditor—It was. I owe the cuss \$47 for meat.—Judge.

Could Take Her Choice.

As the railroad train was stopping, an old lady not accustomed to traveling, hailed the passing conductor and asked:

"Conductor, what door shall I get out by?"

"Either door, ma'am," graciously answered the conductor. "The car stops at both ends."—Galesburg Mail.

HEADACHE AND BILIOUS ATTACKS

Caused by Malaria removed by the use of Elixir Babek cure for such ailments. "I have used Elixir Babek in my family for sixteen years and found it even more than you claim for it in treating cases of Chills or Malarial Fevers. One member of our family was cured of Malarial Fever by it when given up to die by physicians.—J. F. Oberlet, Vienna, Va. Elixir Babek 50 cents, all druggists or Kloczewski & Co., Washington, D. C.

The Bridegroom's Portion.

Miss Elsie Gentsch, who teaches Sunday school, had been reading to her class from the gospel of Matthew, and was examining a promising boy, a newcomer, about the subject matter.

"There were ten virgins," said the young man, "five wise ones and five foolish ones, and the five wise ones filled their lamps and the five foolish ones wasn't in no hurry. And at midnight came the bridegroom. So the five foolish ones went across the street to buy oil and got locked out."

"Very good," said the teacher.

"And what did the bridegroom do?"

"Why," said the good little student, "he married the five wise ones."—Cleveland Leader.

A Thirst for Information.

"Say, pa?"

"What is it?"

"Who made the after-dinner speeches at Belshazzar's feast?"

Faces Included.

Howell—He has a weather-beaten face.

Powell—Well, the weather beats everything.

A Commuter's Explanation.

The man in the iron mask explained. "They assured me there were no mosquitoes here," he cried

The Real Thing.

"Say, mister, if you throw three cents up in the air I kin ketch 'em all before they come down every time."

"Humph! That is nothing but a catch-penny scheme."

How a man does like to have people think he his wealthy when he isn't!

A Large Package

Of Enjoyment—

Post Toasties

Served with cream, milk or fruit—fresh or cooked.

Crisp, golden-brown bits of white corn—delicious and wholesome—

A flavour that appeals to young and old.

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd.
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